

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

Integrity, and Fidelity to the Cause of Christ.

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BAPTIST RECORD.

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Jackson, Miss.

POETRY.

INTEMPERANCE.

Thou Monster! thou crusher of hearts,
Thou hast filled a thousand graves,
Thou steapest in thy venom the darts
Of Bacchus, that pierce the true and

Thou exultest in the struggles of man;
Writhing in thy deadly embrace,
Thou dravest in life's short span;
And on God's image leavest thy slimy
trace.

Thy drink, is the widow's tear,
And thy music, the orphan's cry,
Thy joy is the mother's fear,
Thy laugh, a bruised heart's sigh.

With crime thou feedest a nation's wail
It's heart throbs with anguish and
pain.

Thou lovest to its memory, but a sad
tale

Of the dark days of thy despotic reign.

Thy drunken arms bear the record of
shame,

The marred page, in the history of
states,

On it thou writest thy hideous name,
With tottering footsteps and reeling
gait.

Grand Reason thou dost dethrone,
And clothe it in the garb of silly
simplicity;

Turnest the sweetest music to a wail-
ing tone,

And rob life of its intended felicity.

Thou wouldst make the world a wil-
derness,

And woman a second Hagar; there
Thou wouldst crush her heart's tenderness,

And make her wander in despair.

Wretchedness and poverty follow in
thy trail,

Marked by the haggard faces and
bleeding hearts,

And the very winds tremble with the
sad tale,

Of friends and families torn apart.

A thousand victims, Dives-like, look
up

To Mercy, "one drop," the exclamation
burst,

Then heavingly let a bitter one fall in-
to the "cup."

"Son remember"—to quench their feverish
thirst,

Could some wind congeal the tears that
fell

Into an icicle with uprising spire,
Its broad base would span thy realm,

Its glittering point would melt in
Heaven's fire;

Orcould their vast volume into an
ocean pour,

Swept by the mighty wind of gather-
ing sighs,

Its heaving groans would drown the
ocean's roar.

And in their mad, dashing fury lash
the skies,

X. Y. Z.

FOREIGN LETTER.

SALTILLO, MEXICO.

We all sympathized with you greatly in your loss and we hope to see the brethren make good their promises of material assistance. One thousand new names can be easily obtained by concert of action. The RECORD is always read with greatest pleasure in our mission.

We are just moving into our new house of worship. Our congregations and membership are growing steadily. I baptized six pupils from the Institute on last Lord's day, making eighty persons baptized by me since June. The Lord be praised. Why cannot we interest our Mississippi friends in this great field, when the people are so ready to receive the gospel? It is such a pleasure to preach to those who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

How easy it would be for some Sunday-school to sustain a girl in Madero Institute, who could go forth in a year or too as a self supporting missionary. Then some church or Association could support a native minister as a missionary. Brethren, come over and help us.

Just now we are enjoying peace and quietude. Politically there are no revolutionary demonstrations in any part of the Republic. The hope of the people is in the gospel. We shall never have a stable government until there is more religion. Catholicism only develops two qualities in the people,—greed and hypocrisy.

Just now the Methodist and Presbyterian papers are devoting themselves largely to the Baptists in general and myself in particular. The *Evangelist* in this paper has ordered all his members not to hear us until we quit preaching our doctrines. His pastoral letter reads almost as if it had been issued by his grand-mother Rome.

Faithfully,
W. D. POWELL.

March 22, 1886.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CONVENTION PLAN.

What is it? It can Succeed, and Will Succeed, IF.

BY W. S. WEBB.

Last July at the Convention in Aberdeen a new plan for collecting the funds necessary for carrying on our benevolent work was adopted. Do the brethren generally fully understand what that plan is? Let me briefly outline it.

In the first place, the Convention makes an estimate of how much money it will need during the year to carry forward successfully all its benevolent operations. This is carefully divided out among the different Associations of the State, giving to each what it is supposed each can easily raise. At the meeting of each Association, the portion assigned to it is apportioned among the churches according to the ability of each and the willingness of each to assume the burden.

This is the general plan, as I understand it. It is very simple. It requires very little machinery to run it. It violates no principle of Baptist polity that I am aware of. No church is assessed; it is simply asked to contribute a certain amount for specific benevolence. The church can contribute or refuse or fail to contribute. If it should fail to contribute, it can in no way be subject to discipline; it may possibly be wept over and prayed for. If a church is really anxious to do its whole duty, asking them to contribute a certain amount, will in no way interfere with that duty. It might stimulate them, surely it would not hinder them. If a

church has not been in the habit of contributing to our benevolent objects, asking them to do so, I hope is no violation of Baptist polity. A live church is always anxious to know what is expected of them; a lifeless church needs to be told what their duty is.

The plan, as above outlined, is really an ideal one, and if the churches were ideal churches, and the pastors ideal pastors, it would undoubtedly work charmingly. The chief responsibility is placed where it rightly belongs—on the pastors. It is built on the supposed fidelity, earnestness, wisdom and zeal of the pastors. If they are not faithful and true to the work, the whole scheme will fail.

The plan will succeed then if the pastors will only do their duty. A fearful responsibility is placed upon their shoulders. And I think it is justly placed there. They are the Heaven-appointed leaders and teachers of people. Like priest like people is as true now as it ever was. If pastors would teach the people as they ought to be taught, and lead them as they ought to be led, they will in due time respond in some measure to the claim laid upon them. Some of them may be slow in learning their duty, but if they have the grace of God in their hearts, a good teacher will eventually get them to learn it. They may need line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, but a *child of God will learn his duty*, if you will instruct him patiently. Our dullest students sometimes make efficient men. We should never be discouraged with a church because it develops slowly. Slow and sure development is better than morbid growth.

Rests upon the pastors. Most of them, I have no doubt, realize it and tremble in view of it and are willing to do their duty when they know what it is. I am often appealed to by some of our best pastors to know what they ought to say to their people about the College. They want to lead their people into the duty of contributing to its support, but they do not know how to talk to them on that subject.

Will the pastors allow me to make a suggestion that will largely relieve them of this difficulty in the future. Suppose you provide yourself with a scrap-book, and every time you see anything in the RECORD or any other paper on the subject of College Support, or the relation of the churches to Christian Education, clip it out and paste it in your scrap-book. In a few months you would have items enough to enable you to make a half dozen College talks. If you will pursue the same course with Mission and Ministerial Education, you would always have your quiver full of arrows. If brethren would do this simple thing they would be astonished at the amount of information they would gather in one year. Such a cause would make the RECORD ten times as valuable to you as it is now.

Now let me furnish you your first item for your new scrap-book. Last year at this time we had received a little over \$1500 from individuals and churches for the College; this year from the same source we have received less than \$950. This would be alarming were it not for the fact that pastors and churches still have ample time to bring in arrearsages if they will. Will they? Will they? That is the question I would put to the pastors now. Will you work up your church take an interest in supporting a denominational College? They are yet nearly four months before the Convention. They are old months in which to raise money. There are hundreds of churches in this State that never have had a collection for our educational work. Will not

the pastors see to it that a collection is taken this year? I am distressed at the falling off of contributions. I know the times are hard, but there is money enough in the pockets of the Lord's people to do the Lord's work. Shall we withhold it or shall we lay it on the altar? Let us at least ask for it and our skirts will be clear. The responsibility is ours now, let us throw it upon the churches.
Clinton, Miss.

WISE WORDS.

There in Virginia, as has been abundantly proven, only a certain proportion of our people will pay for a Baptist paper. By special effort, some of the rest may be induced to subscribe by special offers and for a limited time, but nine-tenths of them will fall off when the time for which they paid is out. Doubtless the same thing is true in other States. To recognize this fact and govern ourselves accordingly would seem the part of wisdom. Gradually it will grow better. There will be more readers for Baptist papers as the years pass away, but the improvement must, from the nature of the case, be very slow. Many good people cannot read at all, while many others have read so little that they have not acquired a taste for reading. Such will subscribe for a Baptist paper only as the easiest way to get rid of the agent, and, of course, they are not likely to become permanent subscribers.

There are always those who favor new ventures in this line, because they have real or imaginary grievances against existing Baptist papers, and are anxious to see the new one soon they become a source of weakness to him.

We do not know what better the friends of Baptist journalism in the South can do than to attempt to enlarge the subscription lists of papers already established. Do this, brethren, and then you will be better prepared to rally to the support of any new venture which wise men may think proper to make in Baptist journalism.—*Religious Herald.*

CHILDREN'S DAY, 1886.

Orders are already beginning to come in for programmes, etc., for the observance of OUR CHILDREN'S DAY, on the second Sunday in June, proving that Baptist schools are alive to the opportunity that will on that day be presented for extending the Sunday School work of their own Sunday School Society.

Meanwhile applications for aid are coming in from all over our land, to an amount far exceeding the means of relief at our command. The Society is determined not to make appropriations or appointments beyond the probable contributions of churches, schools, and individuals for this purpose. Yet the imperative needs of the field must be met, and this can easily be done if Baptist Sunday Schools generally say it shall be, and unitedly work to that end.

The material for CHILDREN'S DAY will be ready for mailing early in April. The best features in previous programmes have been retained; fresh and bright music, choice recitations, an interesting letter from the General Secretary, and a tasteful envelope for individual offerings. We do not mean that anything shall be wanting on our part to make the occasion complete in all its appointments.

Now let the schools come up to the measure of their ability, and this opportunity, and the \$25,000 we ask and expect will surely come. Do not wait to get samples. Send for supplies needed for your school, stating the usual attendance. They will be forwarded without delay. Address, C. C. BITTING, Bible and Missionary Secretary, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE LAW OF EJECTMENT.

Did you ever give any attention to the Law of Ejectment? If you have, you know this principle prevails.

John Doe is in possession of a piece of real estate. Richard Roe has discovered, or thinks he has, that the title of Mr. Doe is defective and brings an action in ejectment to recover possession. Now it will avail *Dick Roe* nothing to show that John Doe's title is defective, unless he can also show that his own title is better; failing to do this, he may assail the defective title of the possessor from now to the day of judgment, granting that it is defective, and John, being in possession will hold against the world.

You are surrounded by lawyers, men eminent in the profession, and have access to many more, any of them or all of them will tell you that John Doe's possession cannot be shaken, until the ejector shall establish a better title in himself.

Now "*Immense*" has been holding possession under the Greek verb *baptizoo* so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and the Baptists claim a title under the same authority, as old as Christianity. But one J. W. Dale D. D. of the state of Pennsylvania claims to have discovered a flaw in the title, and has brought an action in ejectment, to recover the possession in favor of "*Affusion*."

Very well; if he is willing to pay the cost of the suit in the event of failure to maintain it, let him do his best. But it will be well for him to remember, as also for all who have embarked in the enterprise

grant, that our title under *baptizoo* is defective, that will not advance the claims of affusion a hair's-breadth towards possession, unless he can show for his client a better title. Let him sustain all the legal fictions to which he and all his partisans have ever resorted, even his last desperate effort, "*The immersion of baptizoo is DEATH BY DROWNING*," still we hold under *baptizoo*, which secures to us the family name, while he holds under *rantidzoo* that has not now, and never did have the shadow of a title, being decended from another family altogether. To drop the figure; suppose our opponents could disprove immersion, that of itself will not prove effusion. We have possession and until they show a better title we will hold it.

When it comes to the *baby question* the case is changed. The advocates of that cause claim to hold under the Abrahamic covenant, a substitute for circumcision, the identity of "*THE CHURCH*" in all ages the baptism of households, and I don't know how many more claims. We in bringing our action in ejectment deny the validity of all those claims.

Now inasmuch as when they bring their action to eject us from our possession of immersion, we make the reasonable demand: "*Show a better title in favor of affusion and we will promptly surrender possession*," it is but fair that in turn they make of us a similar demand.

Well, we are prepared to meet it, for we can show, not only that their title is defective in all its parts, and that, they themselves being judges, we have a title that was never impeached, no one disputes the right of a believer to baptism; but from the Court Record, the original patent, we can show that we have the only title that was originally recognized by that document.

Here then is the attitude of the parties to each other.

On the first count—immersion, we have possession, and will hold it until the adverse claimants show a better title.

On the second—we show that our title is, and theirs is not, recognized by the RECORD, which settles our claim to the better title.

Their case in ejectment—the attempt to eject us from immersion, then must fail as we have possession and they fail to show a better title; ours to eject them from the infant rite holds, because we do show a better title.

R. E. MELVIN.

FULTON, MISS.

I reached this pretty little town on the line of the projected Memphis and Birmingham Railroad, on Sunday last. I found Bro. Lawrence holding a meeting at his church. I preached Sunday night to a good and apparently appreciative congregation.

I waked up Monday morning with sick headache. Bro. Lawrence preached Monday morning and Monday night. Since then I have continued to preach. The services are increasing in interest. Last night we had two accessions by letter. Several have asked prayer. About fifteen written requests were left on the table last night asking special prayer for friends and relations. The church is small and Bro. L. requests the prayers of the brotherhood in its behalf. The meeting will continue for some days.
W. L. GIDEON.

March 24, 1886.

NOTES FROM SHUQUALAK.

You can enter the name of Pleasant Grove Church, Columbus Association, upon the list of working

tion there responded to an appeal for State and Associational Missions, with the sum of \$16.50. This for the first quarter, is a good showing for Pleasant Grove. It exceeded the expectations of some of the most sanguine members, and yet I regard it as but an earnest of what the church will do in each of the succeeding quarters. I am much encouraged in the work there. The church contains some most excellent material, is in a good community, and with proper care and training, under the blessings of God may become developed into one of the best churches in the Association. The membership is composed largely of young people, and hence devolves a great responsibility on the pastor. The grace of God, however, is sufficient for all needs.

I trust to be able to report liberal things this year, for our church at Shuqualak. The Mission Committee is at work this quarter raising funds for State and Associational Missions. Will report soon.

I hope it is not too late to congratulate the RECORD on the improvement in the appearance of its face, and style of its "get up." So it seems that the fire did good in more ways than in bringing to the surface, the sympathies and interest of the brethren over the State in behalf of the paper. The Lord certainly brings great good oftentimes out of much apparent evil. I hope your most sanguine expectations of the support of the denomination may be realized. I shall make an effort to put the paper in every family represented in my churches. In such an event the paper will be helped, and the cause advanced, for I regard it as an essential factor in the highest development of our members.

Why doesn't the Corresponding Secretary call on us once in a while at Shuqualak? We would give him a hearty welcome, and the "free exercise of full capacity" in preaching. Come to see us. Fraternally,
H. M. LONA.

March 24, 1886.

Subscribe for the RECORD.

BAPTIST RECORD.

HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted By Mrs. M. T. Gambrell.

POETRY.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so sunny and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimney
And the gray roof sloping down?

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the simonians drop their gold?

The cowslips spring in the meadows,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pasture,
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are a-falling,
As she looks to the well known tone.

That won her heart in girlhood,
That soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover,
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek has fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of springtime prime.

And looking out from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love of her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or cold.

They sit in their place in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done;
And then at its close an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystic road
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

EDITORIAL.

PREPARATIONS.

INFLUENCED BY A MATTER-OF-FACT VIEW OF LOVE.

The man who defined his idea of love thusly: "Three meals a day and well cooked," was certainly a very candid person but he was by no means an oddity. Whether one acknowledges it or not, serenity of temper, clearness of thought and moral firmness of mind depend largely upon quantity and quality of food. Now, if it be true that love would seek the best things for the beloved one, what better evidence can the woman give of love for her husband than a well cooked, bountiful meal? Taken as a means of evidencing love the labor of cooking would be lifted from the low lands of drudgery to the heights of joyous womanly duties. It is not in masculine nature to bless the hand that offers bread so sour or so heavy that the weight of even a small bit of it on the stomach produces such mental and physical torture that its effects are mistaken for an awakened conscience.

If we women-kind gloried in the expertness of our fingers in compounding savory dishes for the table as we do in their dexterity in fancy work, or their witchery and skill on the keys of the piano, we should rank practical cookery as much an accomplishment as skill in music and art. The time has gone by, never to return, when men loved women for their ignorance and helplessness.

Sensible men want as wives women who hold within their possibilities a capacity for home-making. Women who can order their households aright, who can run the domestic machinery with as little friction as possible, and who will not need too much fish as oil for domestic lubrication. Some who passed for wise people, have objected to lectures on cooking and practical lessons in cookery saying:

"Any one can cook, cooking comes by nature," but we may say *en passant* that the cooking that comes by nature shows traces of total depravity, and has a wonderful tendency to develop depravity in those who eat thereof.

The old saying, "the most direct road to a man's heart leads through his stomach," was doubtless started as a sneer, but a practical lesson might be learned from it that would save black looks and injured feelings.

The woman is looked to as the home maker, and if she is ignorant and inexperienced in the culinary department her ignorance will put her in bondage to black Dinah or Irish Biddy. If the mistress is in bondage to the cook the other members of the family are put under the same galling yoke and must meekly receive with thanks their speck of dirt along with their portion of burnt and underdone food.

These things put conjugal love to a severe test and should be avoided by arming the girls afore-hand with a practical knowledge of cooking and its kindred branches of house work.

It has been asked, "Why make such an ado about this now, have not the women of the South adjusted themselves to the new order of things, and are not the homes well kept happy homes?" To all of which we may answer, "partly but not perfectly." Even if it might be answered with an emphatic affirmative the "adjusting" was anything but comfortable and it will be an unnecessary piece of cruelty if mothers now-a-days, through carelessness, force their daughters to cut their culinary wisdom teeth on the same hard experience offered to our grandmothers.

Perhaps some one will ask, "but what has all this to do with love?" It may have nothing to do with its beginning but it will largely influence its continuance, and if we mothers do our whole duty it is possible that the nineteenth century will not close without witnessing men who will rise up and bless even their mothers-in-law.

COMMUNICATIONS.

OXFORD.

DEAR SISTER GAMBRELL.—Please ask through your columns the Secretaries of our Ladies' Societies, who have not already sent their reports, to send them before the 10th of April.

In a recent letter, Dr. Tichenor writes, "Cannot the Ladies' Societies of Mississippi support Mrs. Nelson in New Orleans? I am sure no better woman, nor any better work could engage their hands."

Now would it not be gratifying to all Mississippi Baptist women to have this dear Christian worker—our beloved sister—our own missionary? We can do it easily if we all unite in the enterprise and pray for God's blessings on her labors, and do something for other objects too. This working for her support will enlist more thoroughly our sympathies and our prayers in her behalf, and she continually needs both.

A few weeks ago I spent one afternoon in the Carrollton Chapel, a neat building, situated in a remote part of the city, which has been built chiefly by Mrs. Nelson's exertions. Here I saw the children taught, not only to sew and sing and to perform many household duties, but also to learn many precious truths from the Bible. Occasionally preaching is heard here by congregations, that seldom hear the truth as it is in Jesus. When work was done all needles and brooms were put neatly away, and the children sat in pleased silence until Mrs. Nelson drew forth their answers to a blackboard exercise, teaching the final leadings of two divergent paths—the one tending by obedience, truth, temperance and love to Heaven—the other by disobedience, lying, intemperance and hatred to final and eternal despair.

In the absence of the organist a

young Catholic girl presided at the piano. All gave close attention, and I could not but feel that some seeds were planted by our sister that will hereafter spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God. I met there, good old sister Haygood, whose beaming face attested the joy she felt in having contributed to the chapel where so many may hear the gospel, and learn the way to Christ. Sister Nelson has another school of like character on Locust Street, in a very wicked part of the city, which I regret I could not visit. The progress made in this school during the year, has been more marked than at Carrollton for the children of the neighborhood, were so depraved, that at first the presence of the police was required to keep order. Now they are orderly and willing to learn.

Surely this is a great work, the worth of which can only be known when God's books are opened and the secrets of eternity are revealed. Many then will arise and call her blessed. Our sister is working quietly and patiently amid great discouragements and many trials. Is she not as truly called to this work as any minister of the gospel is called to the ministry. Shall we not as our part of this work, dear sisters of Mississippi, hold up her hands in this service, by contributing cheerfully to her support, and to the furtherance of her efforts.

In Christian love,
MRS. A. J. QUINCE.

TEMPERANCE.

A gentleman of much learning said of the temperance agitation, "I is the worst question that has interested the public, it divides families, setting one member a variance with another, and is an unending source of discord and strife." To at least one of his hearers that appeared a strange stating of the case. Why he could not look back of this agitation to the wounds, woe and heart sorrow caused by strong drink, and put the blame of strife where it belongs was a mystery.

Scientists, philanthropists, preachers and teachers are fully persuaded that the liquor business is the Up-tree whose branches shed "dense death, bondage all the woes we see and worse the woes we see not which throb through the immediate soul with heart-aches ever new." Some ask with a pseudo-religious air, "Where is your charity, it is wrong to use such rough terms in speaking of other peoples business. It ought to be no concern of yours what your neighbor or the man on the next corner does." Along side of all such spurious charity we put these Scriptures, "Christy (Love) suffereth long and is kind, rejoices in the truth, doth not behave itself unseemly, vaunteth not itself, and Love worketh no evil to his neighbor. We submit. The liquor-business, which all true Christians ought to fight

1. It is not kind.
2. It works ill to its neighbors.
3. It ruins body and soul and robs its victims of hope, home, and Heaven.

What claim has it, or those engaged in it upon Christian charity? Of its evil effects on the health of body and mind, even in the domain of medicine, we give testimony from sources which command respect by their wisdom.

It is no figure of speech, but the literal truth, that hundreds of the neuralgic, hysteric, and epileptic patients have been driven into drunkenness or lunacy or both, by the endless folly of advisers, who had no better reason for the prescription of large doses of alcohol than the fact that these diseases are attended with nervous weakness. It is a grave scandal and mischief, that medical men should endanger in this way the power of moral resistance of women and other weak persons.—Dr. James G. Wakely in the London Lancet.

My experience and observation would lead me to say that seventy-five per cent. of the cases of heart

ty is not too large a number to ascribe to alcohol.—Superintendent of the Ohio Insane Asylum, 1884.

From my long observation, extending over a quarter of a century, in the care and treatment of the insane, the impression has become very firmly fixed in my mind that one half of the idiocy, imbecility and insanity of our day is due, either directly or indirectly, to the use of alcoholic liquors.—Superintendent of the Alabama Insane Asylum, 1884.

Spirits, by their action on the nerves of the drinker, make up power at the expense of his body. He draws a bill on his health which must always be renewed. The bankruptcy of the body is the inevitable result.—Baron Lebig.

I consider I shall do more in curing disease and preventing disease in one year by prescribing total abstinence, than I could do in the ordinary course of an extensive practice of one hundred years.—Dr. Higginbottom, an eminent surgeon of Nottingham.

SELECTED.

JIM'S SECRET.

Mama, I can never hear it, never.

The words were spoken with a sob, and the boy who uttered them sat in an easy chair by the window and watched his playmates at their sports.

Beside him lay a crutch. On a table near him, was a guitar, upon which he had grown tired of playing. Near by stood a rack of books, which had lost their interest. The wealth and luxury and comfort which ought to have made his life happy, were as naught to him, because he could not run and leap and play like the boys he looked upon from the window.

His mother rose and stood by him, and smoothed his hair pityingly. She did not answer him a word. So often she had tried to show him how much there was left in life for him but without avail. Presently she touched the silver bell, and when the servant appeared, ordered the carriage.

"I am going to make a call, and I want you to go with me, Willie," she said to the boy.

In less than an hour they were in the suburbs of the city, and halted before a low roofed, dilapidated cottage. A feeble "Come in" was the answer to their rap.

The room they entered was bare and comfortless and cold. The fire on the hearth had gone out. The only occupant of the untidy room, a boy about Willie's age, sat wrapped in an old, faded bed-quilt. Beside him stood a pair of crutches.

"How are you to-day Jim?" Mrs. Lyman asked.

"Pretty well, thank you. Mother's got half a day's work, and we're going to have some dinner and some fire by-and-by, when she comes."

"Are you hungry?"

"Not very. The woman up stairs gave me three soda-crackers yesterday, and we had them for breakfast."

"What about your father?"

"The bright look on the boy's face faded.

"The judge sentenced him. If it had only been his first offense they might have got him off. He has gone to Sing Sing."

"What do you do all day while your mother is away? Don't you miss her very much?"

"Yes; but I look out of the window and watch the people going by. I am so glad we have a front room! Then I read in the Testament. Pastor Kendrick's gave me, and shut my eyes and pray the Lord not to let the time seem very long, and it isn't. Then I'm always so glad when she comes, and—"

"Mamma," Willie interrupted, almost jumping from his seat, "why can't we take Jim home with us in the carriage, and give him some of my clothes, and let him have some dinner with us."

"But what would his mother say

if she came home and found her boy gone?"

"Let's write a note, and leave it on the chair, and tell her that the woman up stairs will bring him back before dark. Say, mother, will you?"

And so it happened that half an hour later two little crippled boys, one well attired and the other protected by an old bed-quilt, went up the stairs of the Lyman Mansion and into the room where one discontented boy had sat murmuring that morning.

A nice warm bath and some of Willie's clothing changed Jim so that his new friend laughed outright as he thought how even his own mother wouldn't know him.

And what pleasure it was to Willie, at the dinner table, to watch Jim's evident enjoyment of the roast veal, sweet potatoes, apple sauce and pumpkin pie.

The meal ended, the two boys spent the afternoon in the play room. Willie's tool chest was a source of wonder to Jim, who was a natural mechanic.

And when it grew dark, and was time for Jim to be taken home, Willie could hardly believe it. And after he was gone, such plans as he and his mother made.

It all ended in Jim's mother having plenty of work, and hiring a neat room just around the corner, and in the two boys playing and studying together nearly all the time.

And Willie has learned Jim's secret of contentment. I wonder if you could guess what it is?

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first and thou wilt see
The second ever follow thee."

"He is the greatest who chooses
To do right at all times."

No man ever achieved anything for Christ who did not, when necessary, trample both self and selfish enjoyment under foot.—H. Clay Trumbull.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding,
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it,
For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant, youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents,
Do not in your anger speak;
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercies; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruit—
age.

When the erring boys are men,
Have you never seen a grandfreak,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness,
Something said to him a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
To the life of every boy,
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joy;
Call your boys home by your brightness,
They'll avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere,
And remember, boys make men.

LET IT REST.

Let it rest! Ah! how many hearts on the brink of anxiety and disquietude, by this simple sentence have been made calm and happy!

Some proceeding has wounded us by its want of tact; let it rest; no one will think of it again.

A harsh or unjust sentence irritates us; let it rest; whoever may have given vent to it will be pleased to see it is forgotten.

A painful scandal is about to estrange us from an old friend; let it rest, and thus preserve our charity and peace of mind.

A suspicious look is on the point of cooling our affection; let it rest, and our look of trust will restore confidence.

Fancy! we who are so careful to remove the briars from our pathway, for fear they should wound, yet take pleasure in collecting and piercing our hearts with the thorns that meet us in our daily intercourse with one another. How childish and unreasonable we are.—Gold Dust.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

What a feast the dear old Religious Herald has spread for its readers this winter. But with such men as Drs. J. A. Broadus, J. B. Hawthorne, T. L. Dunaway and others of like gifts, to prepare the *menu*, how could it be anything but a feast? With what fine enthusiasm do its friends stand up for the old paper. When will Mississippi Baptists and the Record get up such a love affair?

Speaking of Dr. John A. Broadus, how is it that he infuses into the simplest, most commonplace articles that distinctive and pervading charm which steals over us as imperceptibly and delightfully as the odor of one's favorite flower? We forget the printed page and seem to hear the living words fall from the speaker's lips. How subtle must be that vitality which can thus obliterate a sense of the medium, and subject us to the magnetism of his personal presence. We can form an idea of his power from the hundreds of strong men who go from his lecture room with certain indefinable, yet well-marked characteristics which have been traced to the influence of this superb teacher. Ah, the infinite responsibility entailed with such gifts!

T. L. Talbert, R. L. Allen, L. T. Ray—young men in the strength and fulness of hope, in the pride and joy of brave young manhood—the archer hath laid them low. Permit the hand of friendship to pluck one little flower for their graves.

The first thought which usually strikes us when a young, resolute, exalted spirit is cut down, is the unfinished work, the waste of force, the dissipation of influence. But we do not err.

If it is true that we "live in deeds, not years, in thoughts not breath, in feelings not in figures on a dial," surely it is wrong to measure the usefulness of a life, or judge the maturity of an influence by number of days. As one has said, our estimate of life should be according to quality not quantity. One man may attain his three score and ten, and yet not live as long as another who has died at thirty.

Hundreds of persons who have stamped themselves in bold relief upon the canvass of history, closed their eyes upon earth at an age when many are just getting ready for work. They made up in supreme energy and passion, what they lacked in time. In truth, such natures do not die. Their influence is clarified and crystallized by time until it affects us with the authority of the spirit world. Is the work of these ministers of God ended? Is Mrs. David's work cut short—her influence dead? Ten thousand hearts who were thrilled with the story of her suffering and death will attest the fact that it is just begun.

In the January Century, Edward Hungerford pleads strongly for more and deeper spiritual preaching. The reason given is that the times demand it, and the great heart of the church craves it. The intellectual, doctrinal preaching of the first half of the century met a need of the times; as did the ethical preaching which at a still later period sought to bring religion down to every day life and facts. The want of the present, in the writer's view, is an eminently spiritual gospel.

Not so much that style of preaching which by many is considered "unction," and has largely to do with manner and tone; but a preaching which deals with spiritual facts, and impresses man with his finer and closer relations to God and to his human brotherhood; which awakens and develops his whole inner manhood, pointing out its susceptibilities and capabilities. Such a gospel as would bring God and the soul face to face, and into real, living harmony. Christians, whether or not they give voice to the feeling, thirst for such teaching from the pulpit, and the bold, strong

BAPTIST RECORD.

DIVERS AND SUNDRY SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

I have seen much said in the Record in regard to Sabbath schools, that is of much interest, but have not yet seen any thing as to how they should be organized and the best plan for governing. I will offer a few suggestions, hoping to draw out older and more experienced minds.

We have in our county (Noxubee), three plans for organizing Sabbath-schools. I have had experience in each case and venture to give my notion as to which is best.

First we have church schools. The church elects or appoints a superintendent and assistant superintendent, and they organize and govern the school, they should report to the church as often as practicable; in such case the church is under obligation to support the school.

Second, we have union schools where two or more churches, it may be of different denominations, pass resolutions recommending members to meet other members of various churches named and they too, organize and control the school. The members of churches should report to the church as to the organization and prosperity of the school, then each church is under obligation to aid and support the school, and the school is under control of said churches.

Third, we have what I term independent Sabbath-schools, but are often claimed to be union. Where neighbors meet, it may be members, of different churches and different denominations and workings of all classes organize by electing one of their number superintendent, form classes and each class elects its teacher, then it is independent, under no obligation to any church nor any church under any obligation to said school.

The first plan we think a good one and always prospers where the church is able to support and is so situated that its members can all attend and not conflict with other schools by indifference for the anxiety of wanting to attend other schools for mere criticism, or for stirring up sectarianism. It is often the case in the country that a church's members are scattered around for four or five miles, mixed in with members of other denominations, neighbors who probably love each other as our Lord commands them to do; their children associate together having great attachment for each other; therefore discouraging them to separate them by attending different Sabbath schools and if a school is strictly a denominational one then we should not expect other denominations to condescend by coming in with their children to be taught or even. Where such is the case let each church of whatever denomination it may be, take some action as a church. Appoint its members, or recommend its members to unite with other members of the various churches and they to organize a Sabbath-school. Such we consider a union of Christians and churches and can be called a union Sabbath-school.

The third plan we do not indorse at all though we often have seen it done, and often fail in the true object of Sabbath-school work. We believe it to be the work of Christians therefore should be done by them, and if the church maintains itself as the salt of the earth it must take part in it and lead, for how can the blind lead the blind? May not both go astray? Then let the churches take action as churches and not wait for individual members to assume the authority of the church, for that is too often the case that a portion of them seems to recognize that certain individual members constitute the church, expect them to set all of the Christian examples, do all the praying and teaching and often expect them to furnish all of the money and means to support the church. Some times

we see individual members exhibit a desire to assume such authority; either is wrong for Christ says he is the vine and we the branches, then our churches are a stem of the main vine and we are the twigs of the stem, and all together make a bunch of fruit.

Now this independent plan of Sabbath-schools we do not like or believe to be right, for it is mixing up all classes of the world and all classes of professed Christians. We have too many isms to contend with, mix them all up together and each with an equal showing and Satan is most sure to get the upper hand of all. We have been associated in Sabbath-schools where some were Baptists, some Methodists and some Presbyterians. Schools organized by such, controlled and taught by such, sectarianism stricken out at the start, prospered and nearly all of the school being brought into the church by uniting to one or the other denomination. We Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians all get along so well together where we try, we find not much to disagree about until we come to the water and then we don't disagree much for they are very liberal, while we Baptists say "go in and under" and they say, "stop pour it on" then we insist to go in, they are liberal and say to all, take your choice, and so we all go on our way rejoicing.

H. OF NOXUBEE.

WHO DID IT.

The following incident was related by Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island at the National Meeting of the Women's Christian Union at Philadelphia:

"There came a woman to me with the question, 'Do you know where my boy is?' and gave me a little clew. For five years she had not looked into his face and she thought she had traced him under an assumed name to such a prison, and would I find out for her? I located that man in such a prison, to stay there such a time; and then came a letter asking me if I would go to him, with the words, 'Couldn't you come and see me, and take a mother's message to my boy?' Mothers, can you think what message you would have sent that boy? She was in an elegant home. I sat down to a beautiful table with her. She handed me a picture and told me to show it to him. I said, 'This is not your picture?' 'Yes,' she said, 'that is mine before he went to prison; and here,' said she, 'is mine after I had had five years of waiting for Charlie.' I went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said that he had been in there twenty-four hours, but in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell, and the man announced a lady as from his mother. But no reply. Said I, 'Let me step in;' and I did so. There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat. Said I, 'Charlie, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother; and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her.' Said he, 'Don't mention my mother's name here. I will do anything if you will go.' As he walked along the cell, I noticed that he reeled. Said I, 'What is the matter?' He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours. They brought him something; and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse, brown-bread without any butter, and I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed in to his hand his mother's picture; and he looked at it and said, 'That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world.' He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it. He said, 'Who is that?' I said, 'That is your mother.' 'That my mother?' 'Yes,' I said, 'that is the mother of the boy that I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him.' He said, 'O God, I

have done it!' And then he said, 'No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it. Why don't you do something to stop it?' He said, 'I began drinking at home. It was on the table with my food.'

OBITUARY.

MRS. S. A. BUSH.
Fell asleep in Jesus at her home near Hebron, Miss., March the 19th 1886, in the 39th year of her age. The messenger gave but little warning, yet found her ready. Her suffering was great but her death calm and triumphant. Half of her life was given to Christ. In 1871 she was baptised by Elder T. Green into the fellowship of Palestine Church. Three years later was united in marriage to L. N. Bush to whom she was ever the faithful devoted wife. Her piety was of that kind that adorns the Christian—humble, earnest, sincere. Death to her had no terrors. But a few hours before her departure she spoke consolingly to her husband, assuring him of the blessedness of the change; and to her little children she gave a mother's parting counsel. How blessed in the last mortal struggle to have the Saviour's presence. What an impenetrable gloom would be cast over the little home she loved so tenderly, but for the glad reunion in glory.
The Pastor and Church at Hebron will sadly miss our sister. She loved the House of God and was a good worker in the Ladies' Society. We extend our sympathy and pray God's blessing upon the heart stricken ones, and that the four tender lambs, now motherless may have a Saviour's love, and in due time come to his fold.
Pastor.

Deacon Jessie Norwood died at his home near Mississippi Springs, March 15, 1886. Born in 1819, he lacked but three days of completing his 67th year. In 1821 he united with the church at Mount Zion, Simpson county. In 1843 he was united in marriage with Miss Eliza Enochs who still remains with us, bowed with grief at the departure of her life-long companion. A good man has fallen, mourned by all who knew him, but the lessons of his life are still with us. The duties and toils of life never interfered with his Christian duties. He was always prompt in attending church, and always ready to bear his part of the Master's service. He discharged the duties of his office as deacon faithfully, and obtained a good report both of the church and of them without. During his illness he was often heard to say, "I am a sinner saved by grace." Never has it been my privilege to witness a life more fully consecrated to the Saviour than Bro. Norwood's. He leaves behind to mourn his departure an aged companion, several children, all grown, and a host of friends and relatives to all of whom we extend our hand of sympathy. May God sustain them by his grace. He died as he had lived, in the full triumph of the Christian faith, and leaves to those who loved him the full assurance that he has sweetly fallen asleep in Jesus.
J. A. SNYDER.

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and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In case of Colds and Coughs, we take

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NORTH BOUND.	
No. 2, Express arrives.....	5:20 p. m.
" " leaves.....	5:40 p. m.
No. 4, Mail, leaves.....	12:48 a. m.
SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 1, Express arrives.....	2:55 p. m.
" " leaves.....	4:05 p. m.
No. 3, mail leaves.....	1:28 a. m.
L. F. MONTGOMERY, Tkt. Agt.	
J. TURNER, Div. Supt.	
J. W. COLEMAN, A. G. P. Agt.	

YAZOO & MISS. VALLEY R. R.	
Leave Jackson.....	7:00
Arrive at Jackson.....	7:15 p. m.
—Except Sunday.	
L. F. MONTGOMERY, Tkt. Agt.	

VICKSBURG & MERIDIAN R. R.	
(Queen and Crescent Route.)	
EASTWARD.	
Leave Jackson.....	2:45 p. m.
Arrive at Meridian.....	4:30 p. m.
Freight leaves Jackson at 12:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.	

WEST BOUND.	
Leaves Jackson.....	10:50 a. m.
Arrive at Vicksburg.....	12:40 p. m.
Freight leaves Jackson at 12:30 a. m. and 4:35 p. m.	

The Jackson accommodation leaves Jackson at 7:00 a. m., and arrives at Vicksburg at 9:00 a. m. Leaves Vicksburg at 7:40 p. m., and arrives at Jackson at 9:40 p. m.

M. S. BELKNAP, Supt.	
I. HARDY, Com'l. Agt.	
J. W. DEMING, Frt. & Pass. Agt.	

NATCHEZ & JACKSON R. R.	
GOING WEST.	
Mail leave Jackson.....	7:00 a. m.
Arrive at Natchez.....	12:25 p. m.
Freight leaves Jackson at.....	8:00 a. m.

GOING EAST.	
Mail leave Natchez at.....	3:45 p. m.
Arrives at Jackson.....	9:00
Freight arrives at Jackson.....	7:00

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G. R. GORDON, Agt.	
MISSISSIPPI & TENNESSEE R. R.	
GOING NORTH.	

No. 1, Mail leave Grenada.....	5:05 a. m.
No. 5, Freight.....	5:30 a. m.

GOING SOUTH.	
No. 2, Mail leaves Memphis.....	4:45 p. m.
No. 6, Freight.....	6:40 p. m.

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Ar. at New Orleans.....	9:30 a. m.

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" Vicksburg.....	2:03 a. m.
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